

Six Months Aint No Sentence
2015
Jim Leftwich

Book 137

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10.17.2015



wikipedia

Jim Leftwich, Jan 27, 1999

A seme is a unit of meaning (also known as a sememe, analogous with phoneme). A seme, then, might be involved with units of language for the purpose of producing meaning.

Tim Gaze

preface to The Oxygen of Truth

The word "asemic" means "having no specific semantic content".
November, 1999

from Wikipedia

Asemic writing is a wordless, open semantic form of writing.

The word asemic means "having no specific semantic content".

1) Asemic writing is a wordless, open semantic form of writing.

When did asemic writing become wordless?

Who made the decision?

Why was it important for this kind of writing to be wordless?

Does the person who made the decision have the definition of asemic writing as historically inaccurate?

2) The word asemic means "having no specific semantic content".

When did the word "specific" get added to this definition?

Who made the decision to add it?

Why was it important for this kind of writing to be wordless?

In this context, what is the specific semantic content of asemic writing, or asemic writing, or asemic writing?

Would it not be more accurate to define asemic writing as "having no specific semantic content"?

now show online:
dollar tree cd
RETURN TO A PARTICIPATING

JIM LEFTWICH
July 15
2015

TRASH SEMIC
ESTAY

Jim Leftwich, Jan 27, 19
A seme is a unit of mean
(also known as a sememe,
then, might be involved
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Jim Leftwich
07.09.2015

July 15
2015

TRASH EMI
ESSAY

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Trashemic essays from July 2015, scanned by De Villo Sloan for his Minxus-Lynxus blog, 10.17.2015

TEXTIMAGEPOEM
SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 2006

cements
for john crouse

this, i believe, as i begin the interpretative process upon my own reading, must be why the title of the book is expressed in the plural. to live free is no simple matter. it is, in fact, in practice, very much constrained by its own complexity.

|||||

since gland the restoration of loon democracy

spoon rowing equality shops soup italics, washing the fried voting machine, sleet shorts figured
enigma since 1936. nativity attuned to media retorts cramped garment campers gaze, shaved
poodles posse dream amid popular wars. my health slinks loins alone, jarring vitamin
anaesthesia, set totemic, ensign vacuum taut and cunning hysteria keens. amnesia stains the
delicate flask. pyres veil sour drip. net political thunder into karmic stasis titillates heretical
anomie, heckler lisp finally weave and sludge. teflon kayak noose, moon militia syrup, nylon
toast and chaos. knotty vote for checkers presidential nose, shopping the fish gun loosely,
coconut and pale ballistics. journalist toad splint aspirin, plain sap in boiling staves, a dose of
nourishing odor for the caterpillar tao, spun khaki mirror jest to skin the mucus kittens. flowing
spines spoon bowling batman optics, how arrogant cars and rats of art gnarl the flabby
babblers. veiled submarine militia chihuahua into helicopter style, or horrors incognito, justice as
a vista seeking lists of honey. anklets seep encrypted vanilla, a toyota in every kettle, jail for the
glandular alphabet and the restaurants of the moon. democracy is a hefty ski jump jettisoned
typographical errata. even the saliva keys masticate lashes negligence. vital hymns vascular
lamps in oneiric travail collate moose soot ministry, vast tonsils spleen unseen. savannah
embossed with hells, jail hidden in the samurai sauna, howl stones assume palaver rotting
halitosis palomino! vendetta pylon arise, slink and pooch tarantula. by theoretical musket
showering emote, blur sauerkraut meaning ocean, root plasm kaleidoscopic into curried coup.

after vote puppet, by jukka-pekka kervinen

|||||

a beauty

beauty like a vine eaten by flames forks history in silhouette, tendrils crawling from her eyes,
hand stretched towards the half-eaten frame.

she hovers just above the burning salamander, segments of mind etched in productive muse.

letters swarm against a swirl of blurred type, calisthenics of calligraphy and cataclysm, a time of
spray, squiggles stretched across the creased gulf of the page.

she gathers in raised arms an asemia against silence. roses blooming in the open book express
an indecipherable music.

our reflection redacts the equation of these oblique occasions. resistance is duration. procedural limitations destabilize and evert the durable potential. an illegible handwriting occludes the stenciled alphabet.

beauty disintegrates to its component fragments: be, eat, bet, at. she dances out of her book into the space beyond the page, naked without her text, alchemical chrysalis as well as fleeing ephemera.

after beauty, by john cese & luc fierens

|||||

the devils tao

ad hoc lode nor my diode bulb, if slippery hip to sleep, seeps oaks leech arrow each to luggage luck, pork sperm swimming loam.

hex logos squared at hot hoodoo to hologram slowly cocoa, squiggly solo spun claws chains in china sung. nude hoax train ran fungus, fishy leopard under scrawls morocco, squared saint spitting serpents beak.

flap troops mayan continuous costume scratch, veins to forked horizon or ludic zorro.

after john m. bennett & cesar figueiredo

|||||

howl to singe

part digital stance, fern data gate your cat axe haddock mutant coup, wet hoax & pubic window, to wage our wrecked egg aardvark rotting clan.

cultural ache droop beef and vowel, roar tray chalk boot flag and cartel goat. viral turf root litigation, halibut on a leash. thaw hoax burnished fish totem tandem.

sleep cops calx dali, in the nixon bladder.

after how to singe, by john m. bennett & cesar figueiredo

|||||

defenestrate or power?

not a simile, nor spillage of selves through the seven windows, a zoo of birds subject to the royal latch derails ejections llama, reveille to the editor swallowed curved tennessee, spurns thimble musk and skirts severed elbow druse.

sundry desk oaf mailers clock sludge bream and scrunch. you simmer trout neon i lunch, sole lint toast in broom voice citric doodles. dare mumbled knickers calf tunes raven spasm thinks, coal as cruel arc stove or marbled nous.

pink retch more cyborgs eagle snips cart or doodles elf, shack elvis recursive escargot seams tsunami gnash. lewd wolf reggae half octagonal summit, sculpt golem watch or mogul sax, ate parched morphine liana, nor paycheck recidivist bonjour pajama knob.

exact gallop moral, nor boiler gulag knit sojourn.

after fenestration powder, by john m. bennett & cesar figueiredo

|||||

alone with myself and the strewn damp comb, merrily misreading

flocking glitch home, gulch name, glass or gash home and name—

log blinker, log stun blinker, log traced my open stun husk, again stun lust, stun husk moon, moon blinker, log traced my gash, stun husk moon blinker—

be blank, naked arms of the letter P. neck eye, blank eye, blank neck eye, settle mask cash years. quick cli, clipped clip, clip art part, scrunch prune shard harlot, row log or hog—

cling rabbits porcine looming umbilical gland. see sneeze sex, see seize, wet lock lore or couch (used onions). gland goes snakes, sugar (cougar) hummer (hammer)—

bank sank, be flying fish roach calligraphy, bet ice age, stream salad betting blank page—

|||||

war wares

smoking partitioned brain, egg mix trim gar skeletal cocktail eye. gag clan blotch, virus verso
maximal extra arts. universal tablet cholera, attrition caboose presentiment, legume nights and
arabesque, the cardinal cereal tao.

rascal loop drool moral smear, drip letteral daunt sax nexus, fish nor soma spinal fuming yam.

shade cowl younger tongue columbus, wood ache latent quote, sock fog of poetics cosign,
segue spittle beet or dada porridge.

after john m. bennett & cesar figueiredo

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ideal

the jetsam sun tract hills fully heirloom, whole cheese polished like word bars.

fog cape smothered cleveland grape, gated underwear shirt and spume phone panic nook,
between two pillars like a potted head.

scrawl forgotten clump they lumpy grate themselves. the slug drape pill, bait stub american
mouth, yearns tongue magnetic hiss clog blurry snit.

suit pirouette in gland foam bowling bang scrape sharper grill, harp peach cocktail bullet fist,
perch hand worms crawling strand in silhouette. streets like ice on glass hump rotten knoll.

lusts caper knit whirr cogs nor plot of frogs and pillage, his magnified hung burns snipe
cincinnati smooth. crepe dog frilly fills beans crook phantom bone.

abstract north american spoon and flirt underwater gravy, hub mate spill huddled buckeye. book
relic tonic spam, the paper rusts aghast mice biker sheets.

after slug, by john m. bennett & steve dalachinsky

|||||

mocha grease

memory is blank gravy lattice for hinged sneakers scarred tattoo. speed beast ear and tincture liminal nose nor bakers loin dispenser skeletal towels stop art at experiential smear leafy soap our pterodactyl. lung washed handy index rot. boat parsed owl phlegm in ribcage deaths flank host radio grin. salsa codex in the rearview umbrellas. feel the sneeze prayer slouching corpse to white clocks palm suburbia. moral historic bank. rice navy. forked wings speaking cars taboo. greed yeast fear and puncture minimal rose, for bait groin pensive skeet, vowels slope apart at experimental seminar. if leap snoops our terror dangle, tongue ash randy suspects, not mote parched vowel in phlogiston and birdcage. breaths blank ghost in radial salt coda inner ear nor nude umbra, peel the knees layered pouch. coarse tooth whitened flocks to clam or urban visa.

after film noir, by steve dalachinsky & john m. bennett

|||||

our tailors slant inscribed

lips pistol cartoon mannikin, alligator eye and emblematic cat, shelter the earlobe at faded joking clock. diaphanous leg on the pedestal of a boot, her face dotted syllables and fragments of quick grenades. brand gratuity aligns with the ulterior dénouement of the grave. only you, lost postcards bisected by a disembodied eye, lipstick like a bullet, leg irons and silver spoons for the antelope, via air mail from south africa. the scandalous film provokes public decomposition. at the commune of preventive saviors, films eaten by a blank asparagus. instant critics dangle participial sauce detuned. our original mad rebellion was made of these same rugged practices. ducks cranial peacock yoga, eggs baking in sepia tones, a rhapsody like kudzu growing understory over her face.

after shelter, by luc fierens & keiichi nakamura

|||||

stuffed pyramids & bitten anthologies

simple nouns, dirt toad arrows and skunks bubble. a grimace with censored eyes makes anvils in the sand, pistol lapel and string-ring clutch, no rein of disappointment in proper boat dirt potted camels. uniformed power is contemptuous of uniformed incarceration. text germs embodied void sickness of jails, hunger under lotus contortions, the bearded moons of

christmas, but it is good to process old snout with a special romaine of miserly infant juice. true, the terminal tincture is a sacrificial collective lunar space quill seeping perfumed petunia pewter soup, one form of artifice ceiling dance, once a special edition of identity, dealer meat chronic knees, but quivering existence quiche telephone dancing sap, complexity nocturnal, an aura of pristine fins. ill assembly beans or quonset snot, against the genre of the truckers. “a gratuitous hostility is the perfect quest” — sir emily frost. her eyes fizzle with traumatic usury. culture is a conic wire of veils. light shudders in the school of versatile zaum. this is the usurious seer, the felt sea of a banished vermifuge. if beans were jars, then tongues would cough graffiti. the eyes are peeled from the face in the postmodern revolution. like gold and bread, bones are the peace ghosts hear. the ecstasy of the menial is a disoriented prose.

after e-shapes, by luc fierens & mark sonnenfeld

|||||

factor as bonnet warfare

flowering helicopter maps bald vocable chickens hidden germs each navel ladder. word under androgynous bird builds helical equator landmine. behind industrial chicken wire our buildings evaporate in raw heat, a genre of possible humans haunted by rented credibility, bamboo ruptured tanks astride a tired democratic wind. leg wrestling nameless missile, charade of corporate exercise, parade of random dusks, tirade in golden static, facade of anguished flesh. what is the sea sense mostly sonic calligraphy worse even than yolk and guts september aspic? type style hungers triptych furniture of fragrant seagulls, each one a guild of antique hats.

after the state of the art, by luc fierens & annina van sebroeck

|||||

seams in focal burlap

circular no dada circulates crossed text scraps against the void, smear smudge and blur occluded crosshatch, routes reading in all durations. the holes in the void are where the phonemes live. hop paradox padlocked tooth, hope cooked chronic gyre, by hint of map to find the upturned foot. apocalypse articulates interior interview, an epic psychosis hypotenuse opens doors onto our yard sale. haiku bananas oppose deaf germs caterpillar glow incongruous gamete american xanthosis, skeletal larynx and cellular fire sale garage. anterior mental sense pox, or the how-to zodiac handbook, anatomical holes aligned with a list of nouns. faces float between the texts like binocular surfing zygotes. at the evil baseball library, such lovers

metropolitan trout due ceilings trombone apropos, a religious sausage for the serious family cactus. flames faucet invertebrate camel, a nervous tribal pneumonia and aluminum apocalypse, cops solicit temporal crumbs and cushioned mail. representational circles toil disproportionate allure, poisonous exorcism and ancestral artichoke salt. the colonial purse emerges from solemn cicada albumin, like a swerve of homophonic wine in the singular strident night. fume the cups to dance confections route. nude weeds straddle the juice.

after folk noism in(ter)vention, by luc fierens & dmitry bulatov

|||||

rea nikonova — “peace/transplant”

from poetry is a boundary line between word and no word

the word PEACE as title at top, with a square enclosing the initial E.

two columns of letteral permutations.

column one contains permutations beginning with the vowels E and A.

column two contains those beginning with the consonants P and C.

here peace is composed, deconstructed, and reconstituted one letter at a time, as is as if to say, is transplanted over time, piece by piece.

E

column one begins with “epeac”. the last letter becomes the first.

the next permutation is “eacep”. the initial E forms a column of its own. the remaining 4 letters from the first permutation are read from the center out, beginning with the last two. so, the initial E, followed by AC followed by EP.

the next permutation is “ecepa”. the two center letters are retained as a pair, CE, and the remaining two are paired beginning with the end, thus PA.

the next entry, “ecape”, is produced by pairing the first and last, CA, then reversing the positions of the central pair, EP to PE.

next, “eapec” is formed by repeating the method used to produce “ecepta”.

“epcea” is constructed by pairing the consonants and then the vowels, in order.

“epcae” reverses the vowel pair order.

A

thick lines enclose the Es.

in the first four permutations the E is the central letter.

the first two begin with AC, thus with “ACE”.

the next two begin with AP, so “APE”.

each line can be read as if it comprised of two vocables, the article “A” and the following letter string.

the first two lines are homonymic: “a cepe” and “a ceep”.

each sounding suggests a closing, “asleep”.

associational sound is content, the peace of sleep.

the next two lines are also homonymic: “a pece” and “a peece”.

there is peace, but this is only one form of peace. here we have two others.

P

thick, broken or dotted lines link the two Es is “paece”.

the first E is also connected to the second E of “epeac” in the first column, which is in turn linked to the first E.

thin, wavy lines connect the Cs and Ps.

the C in “paece” is connected to its counterpart in “eapec” and also to the C in “pacee”, two lines down in the consonant column.

Author: John Cese; Luc Fierens
Publisher: Weerde : Postfluxpost, 2005.

Series:Postfluxpostbooklet, 67

Edition/Format: Print book : EnglishView all editions and formats

Database:WorldCat

Rating: (not yet rated) 0 with reviews - Be the first.

Subjects Grafische kunsten.

Finding Aid to the John M. Bennett Collection, 1970-2009 Finding Aid written by Ken Fisher The Bancroft Library University of California, Berkeley

Series 1: Tacky Little Pamphlets. 1970-2009,

box 3, folder 4.3 How to Singe. 2005 Creators: Bennett, John M.; Figueiredo, César

box 3, folder 4.4 Fenestration Powder. 2005 Creators: Bennett, John M.; Figueiredo, César

box 3, folder 2.1 Slug. 2003 Creators: Bennett, John M.; Dalachinsky, Steven

box 3, folder 1.4 Be B Film Noir. 2002 Creators: Bennett, John M.; Dalachinsky, Steven

POSTFLUXPOSTBOOKLETS, Luc Fierens

Nr.53 -2002-shelter - Keiichi Nakamura (Jap) & Luc Fierens (B)

Nr.51 -2002-e-shapes- Mark Sonnenfeld (USA) & Luc Fierens(B)

Nr.49 -2002-The state of art -Luc Fierens (B)

Nr.42- 1997- Folk Noism In(ter)vention -Dmitry Bulatov (Russia) -Luc Fierens (B)

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a moss anchor trash
tricycle sense effects
arch-pie the soup
toe-loop
assembled sliders scoop
expresside turtles
marble
their wonderous aisle

heretic coat reason
a fire massage
minds donut
the trash unintentional

reassemble
with goat railroad
the temporary word

copies packaging tape
spheroid
reverse eternal
network splash trash

it is 11:17PM.

everyone is
subscription memory
Homer pain
irreducible in.

two books
partly another
group group
tinge the
mere world.

it has
night is
produced by
undefined Neoists.

when ESP
talk whittles
futures always
across the
meat abyss.

non is both
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underlying heresy
game persimmon who,
space conjures
its own narrative.

continuum nor
have the ladder
specific exists,
is the
power of
distorting sequence.

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Unidentified Object Neoism

Neo-IsM as a false conclusion of IsM in general has finally grown up to mutated climbing plant in the jungle of persiflage's indifference. Bending over the bottomless goblet of Neo-IsM, one can discover a new IsM every day. The roots of this liaison point on a basical paradoxical dilemma. Meanwhile Neo-IsM daily magnifies on a new track of reality until the definite infinity and preserves a spectical view on the daily fuss.

Neo-IsM takes care of permanent altitude flight in the double-mill of post-modern spring balls and industrial jumping sheets by radically believing not to believe. Following the incausal method, the eternal movement means the actual condition factor of Neo-IsM.

In the space of the unprobability, Neo-IsM approaches the all penetrating net with speed of light where cause and effect of neoistical activities are mututally eliminating and reversing themselves. Here Neo-IsMchanges into Eon-IsM (or into the eternal trauma?). Neo-IsM is so far no idea at all, but an accumulation of situative points in a cosmopolitical network where Neoists are meeting to construct endless scenarios.

Those elements remaining during this play transport themselves automatically on the galactical puzzle-pile. It is too late to escape. This Black Hole comes closer now. Bon appetit!

Ulli Kattenstroth, April 1986

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|||||
puzzle pie
puzzle-pie
puzzlepie
|||||
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above again implic, entity
at that, they-to-be
forever either at last.

but clumsy dinner-king
it is, comporting
mice one present,
in the objects at
unity each slim
cousin, for growling
the end of difference.

text is a nagent of control.
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10.18.2015

VIII PERFORMANCE LETTERS
John M. Bennett
Luna Bisonte Prods 2013

F

When culture experiences the self-moralism transcendent, on what
to say (without) the face in Beauty.

O

Seeing this now the truth then, so taught this, his carved
Cantsin Cantsin yoked then loosened into burst trumpets, blew
like a blare of hens.

R

banal one-sudden fluenzafishing Normandy your snow but squirrels
squirrels and similar ears.

K

away force the immediacy out how asked to fall experimental No
enthusiastically and two summer school.

L

common to muscle times "meaning" = the eternal verb at high
tide.

I

fictional, communicate the alien experiences structural for
reasons the the imagined intuition.

N

the coherence an.

T

the self-an experimentally to make revolutionary the
appropriation justification the, from the very anything.

jim leftwich

10.18.2015

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\$lave

McMurtagh & John M. Bennett

Luna Bisonte Prods 2013

p.1

\$LAVE RED

R \$LAVE ED

\$LAVEDER

DER\$LAVE

P.2 - 3
WHITeY 2-L8 elloW

p. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7
incredulity surge held them

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$0000000000000000UUUUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLLLLLL
LLLLLLLLLLLLL0000000000000000SSSSSSSSSSSSSTTTTTTTTTT

the alarm that didn't go off somehow says farewell to America

splinters crashing on the
LLLLLLLLLLLLL0000000000000000SSSSSSSSSSSSSTTTTTTTTTT

speak with
wrote
(take my word for it)
beLIeVe
wRight

fleshly adj
as distinguished from
fleshy adj
fleshiest] corpulent, gross

c locke d own r oof
w as s et o pen a t

p. 8
L8 BLOWBACK

jim leftwich
10.18.2015

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

slot

John M. Bennett & Haddock

Luna Bisonte Prods 2010

Preface

Stewart Home

THE ASSAULT ON CULTURE CHAPTER 16 (pages 87-94)

NEOISM

What can be ascertained with certainty is that Kantor had spent some time at the PORTLAND ACADEMY in 1978 and returned to Montreal with the concepts of Monty Cantsin and ISM which Zack, Ackerman and their group had been developing. Back in Montreal, Kantor found himself in the company of several young cultural workers who had been profoundly influenced by the punk phenomena. In the hands of this group, ISM was transformed into Neoism and by the summer of '79 a graffiti campaign was being waged on the walls of Montreal.

Oliver Marchart,

Preface to *Neoismus. Avantgarde und Selbsthistorisierung*, 1997

So should we read Home's endeavors to heave Neoism into the canon of art history as a practical reflection, as the cognitive counterpart, so to speak, of a practical joke - a joke on the "art-historicization" of the avant-garde, and less as a serious attempt at self-historification? As cheerful fiction and less as science? Or is Home in fact carrying out a variation on the fact that the so-called serious art canon actually constructs and fictionalizes its subjects to the same extent, but far less openly and playfully? The fact, however, that history is not written once and for all time according to positivist criteria of alleged evidence is proven by the case of Fluxus and its sudden overwhelming presence since the retrospective at the 1990 Biennale, or the case of Situationism and the flood of publications, translations and new editions.

slot
which seems deviant, emergent
around a possible
distillation

tog
revolt to the general action
is previous
to the death of speech

got
so this discipline
is not consequently
the means to
a special Neoism

hot
therefore nowadays,
early and prolific,
astronomy wearing
invented boots

lot
"a lot of steak"
"a lot at stake"
"I am the fish-horn and the lottery"

jot
"a jot of jeez"
"not a jot"
"not a jot too soon"
"a jot of translucent starlings"
how quickly the room leans outward.

not
doodles flower from
the teeth of
the baby squid.
in doodles flower from
the was teeth of
the baby hopefully squid.
this doodles flower from
the to teeth of
the baby to squid.
the doodles flower from
the to teeth of
the baby sayings squid.
made in doodles flower from
the gimmick was teeth of
the baby hopefully desire squid.
parallels this doodles flower from
the to dozen teeth of
the baby toilet to squid.
may the doodles flower from
the journal to teeth of
the baby sayings intention squid.

no
flame and glimmer
have Neoists
who practix baseball.

ought
immediately the sky
should have an
eye on
finger-persona
thus the
lightning of influence
under our hat,

replying
"under the out-hat"

bot
have been that sort
of audience:
notoriety
ideological nurse-core...

bottle
fulfillment
which was a catfish and a caravan
"normal" computer jack actually
"red duchamp"
toiling toe-to-toe
the tin eyes of fact

jim leftwich
10.18.2015

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announcement for rawrenok #1

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/textimagepoetry/albums/72157659607528960>

here are some works that have accumulated in my downloads

folder since the 2015 afterMAF.

think of it as a kind of magazine: rawrenok, a magazine of the arts. maybe this will be the only
issue, maybe not.

jim leftwich & jukka-pekka kervinen

jim leftwich & cathy bennett

jim leftwich tom cassidy & cathy bennett

letter founder solo

marco giovenale solo

marco giovenale notebook with leftwich vispo

tom cassidy solo

10.18.2015

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Trash Tropes: Trashemic Essays by Jim Leftwich (Roanoke, Virginia, USA)

Posted by De Villo Sloan on October 17, 2015 at 8:27pm

Comment by De Villo Sloan 13 hours ago

Thanks Fike. PKD is definitely a TrashProphet.

Notice with a slight change in the letters, he becomes PDK.

DK (Diane Keys) has been naming saint in DKult. (d.a. levy was just named.) PKD definitely deserves sainthood among the Trashpoets.

Comment by Ficus strangulensis 15 hours ago

In the context of trash, I am reminded of
[<http://www.amazon.com/The-Exegesis-Philip-K-Dick/product-reviews/05...>] the exegesis of pkd. Many times therein, he states that god/truth/meaning is only to be found in the 'trash in the alley'.

I struggled through this work and recommend it to anyone interested in PKD and philosophy.

Comment by res 23 hours ago

Comment by De Villo Sloan yesterday

Hi Res, (1) Trashpo is a fake perhaps even satirical movement the way Neoism was. In fact, current thought tends to identify Trashpo as a religion rather than anything to do with art. (2) DKult borrows a lot from the Church of the Subgenius. Purists will argue the Church of the Subgenius and Neoism are two distinct entities. That is a true, sort of. But in reality the two have an incredible amount of overlap. For instance, tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE is/was a profound Neoist but also a Saint in the Church of the Subgenius. (3) Jim Leftwich, the subject of this humble blog, is associated with the Post-Neo Absurdist Collective (something like that) and is alleged to have invented Trashpo.

Comment by res yesterday

"Trashpo is probably best understood as a manifestation of Post-Neoism."

If you get time, could you elucidate that statement just a little? xo



The Exegesis of Philip K. Dick

Not a novel at all..., November 10, 2011

By

Review Guy

Verified Purchase(What's this?)

This review is from: The Exegesis of Philip K. Dick (Hardcover)

I am compelled to write this based on the extraordinarily misleading review below. If you don't already know what this is, DON'T buy it. Not only is it not a novel, it's not even a story. Come to think of it, it ain't even, strictly speaking, a "book"! So if you're looking for an introduction to Philip Dick, you should really try something else. Most of us start with Blade Runner.

To explain, toward the end of his writing career, Philip Dick had a visionary/religious/mystical experience. Like all such experiences, it was exceptionally difficult to verbalize, rationalize, or explain. If the experience itself didn't drive Dick mad, the task of making sense of it clearly did, at least for a time. Dick entered a period of heightened creativity, struggling to give voice to his religious experience through writing. Dick called this process, and the body of text it produced, his "Exegesis." Traditionally, the word signifies the process of expounding upon and interpreting a work of literature, typically a religious text; here, the object of Dick's literary critique was his own mind.

This book is a relatively narrow selection of pages from that effort. It reads like a philosophical journal, and consists of outlines, correspondence, doodles and rambling essays on science, creativity, ancient history, religion, death, and drugs. This is the raw ore of genius, but it is extremely unrefined. Worse, it has an eerie "tin foil hat" feel to it; one gets the strong sense that Dick was flirting with mental illness. The casual reader is certain to be alienated, and unnecessarily, since the Exegesis formed the basis for several excellent works of narrative fiction. VALIS, Dick's crypto-autobiographical novel recounting the same events is infinitely more accessible.

But, if you, like me, are more than a casual reader - if you have read Valis and Ubik (and possibly Cosmic Trigger I: Final Secret of the Illuminati too) - if you take seriously the possibility that Dick contacted a divine intelligence in February of 1974, then this book is for you. And if that's you, then the content will speak for itself.

But the editing? In my view, it's above average. Since I have never seen the file cabinets from which these pages have been selected, I can't attest to their completeness. However, the stuff that's here is consistently engaging and seems to have been selected with care. Better still, the text has been annotated by a multidisciplinary team of editors, ensuring that the reader has a guide for some of Dick's frequent digressions into brain science, Biblical hermeneutics, and pharmacology.

This is much better than I'd hoped and the serious fan/student will be very, very happy.

[UPDATE: In a previous version of this review, I complained about the absence of explanatory material on Bishop James Pike. A comment below pointed out that there is in fact a detailed entry on Pike at the back of the book. My mistake. My gripe is withdrawn.]

|||||

a departure (of sorts)

ByTom M.on May 7, 2012

Format: Hardcover

As the other reviews both positive and negative have said, this is not a book by Philip K. Dick. This is a book about him, specifically about an incident that occurred in early 1974 when he temporarily (and admittedly) "went mad". That's the good news. The bad news is that the chapters (here called "folders"---I pictured these written in a series of spiral notebooks---and written a few years later) are fairly incomprehensible. Not incomprehensible enough, though, to make the gist of things impossible. At various times Dick is found to be channelling an extraterrestrial intelligence, possessed by a first century AD saint, retrogressing in time, having his novels revealed to him from the future, co-inhabiting his soul with his dead infant sister, being visited by three-eyed time travelers and accepting his role as prophet of a neo-Gnostic dualism that doesn't really exist except as the intersection of two illusory planer holograms of Time X Space. His self-assessment of his mental state is that he is bipolar, schizophrenic, neurotic, paranoid, in an epiphany, possessed, in communication with his cat or controlled by a super computer from the end of time---sometimes one, sometimes the other, sometimes all at once. His explanations change and change again, and then change again--backwards, forwards, just like his vision---as if he's reworking the 9000 pages (900 of which are in this book) and editing the script as he goes. Anyone who has read any of Dick's novels or short stories will be aware that his plots range far from the bell-curve; they are often off the graph, the paper and

the desk completely. So his "Muse" should come as no surprise, even when that source is here/now, there/ then or every-when at the same time. The unfortunate thing is, this message is unintelligible. I made it halfway through and then finished it by reading the explanatory footnotes. Dick becomes a shaman who has returned from the spirit world, but not for the good of humanity. His mission is not only to shed light but to shed his old skin for a new one: as he puts it to "bring himself to emotional, intellectual and spiritual fulfillment and psychological health". And insisting that we come along for the ride. Apparently Scientology hadn't hit its celebrity-fueled stride yet in the mid-70's or he might have been co-opted by them. What will amaze you most about Exegesis is that Philip K. Dick avoided institutionalization during his troubled life.

|||||

10.19.2015

"Also, I do seem attracted to trash, as if the clue--the clue--lies there. I'm always ferreting out elliptical points, odd angles. What I write doesn't make a whole lot of sense. There is fun and religion and psychotic horror strewn about like a bunch of hats. Also, there is a social or sociological drift--rather than toward the hard sciences, the overall impression is childish but interesting."

— Philip K. Dick, The Exegesis of Philip K. Dick

|||||

I UNDERSTAND PHILIP K. DICK

by Terence McKenna

1991

Afterword which appeared in the book : In Pursuit of Valis: Selections from the Exegesis edited by Lawrence Sutin

True stories have no beginnings and neither does the tale of PKD's encounters with the Overmind. But we writers understand narrative economy, and for purposes of narrative economy his story seemed to him to begin with the mysterious break in and riffling of his papers that was made notorious by an article in Rolling Stone, which brought Phil long-delayed and much-deserved fame. The break-in date was 11/17/71. It was a date and a style of referring to time that Phil used frequently.

I turned twenty-five the day before. It was no casual birthday either. I met my natal day by sifting down and sincerely preparing myself for an Apocatastasis, the final Apocalyptic ingression of novelty, the implosion really, of the entire multidimensional continuum of space and time. I imagined the megamacrocosmos was going to go down the drain like water out of a bathtub as the hyperspatial vacuum fluctuation of paired particles that is our universe collided with its own ghost image after billions of years of separation. The Logos assured me that parity would be conserved, all sub-atomic particles except photons would cancel each other, and our entire universe would quietly disappear. The only particles that would remain, according to my fantastic expectation, would be photons, the universe of light would be exposed at last, set free from the iron prison of matter, freed from the awful physics that adhered to less unitary states of being. All mankind would march into the promised garden.

I felt I was well situated for the event as I, quite consciously and deliberately, and to the concern of my friends, had placed myself in the teeming, hallucinogen saturated center of the largest garden I could find, the trackless rain forest of the Upper Amazon Basin of Colombia. My confidence in my vision was unshakable. Had not the Logos itself lead me to this vision, not only by revelation but by painstaking explanation? I had no radio, no way to contact the outside world at all. Who needed that? I knew with perfect clarity that the world of time, the illusion of history was ending. Divine Parousia was entering the world, and the just, the meek and the humble were leaving their fields and factories, pushing back their chairs from their office desks and workbenches and walking out into the light of a living sun that would never set for there could be no setting for the eternal radiance of the Logos. Tears of joy streaming down their cheeks, the illumined billions were turning their eyes at last to the sky and finding there a consolation that they had never dared hope for.

However, Nixon's weary world ignored the eschatological opportunity I thought my brother's inspired fiddling with hyperspace had afforded. The world continued grinding forward in its usual less than merry way. There was only one small incident that might subsequently be construed, even within the framework of the schizoid logic that was my bread and butter then, to support my position. Unknown to me, a struggling, overweight SF writer, an idol of mine since my teens, discovered the next day that his house have been broken into, his privacy violated by the Other. How peculiar that on the first day of the new dispensation in my private reformist calendar, he had been burglarized by extraterrestrials the CIA or his own deranged self in an altered state. The torch had been passed, in a weird way the most intense phase of my episode of illumination/delusion ended right where Phil's began.

This raises some questions:

Can we refer to a delusional system as a folie a' deux, if the deux participants have never met and are practically speaking, unaware of each others' existence?

Does the delusion of one visionary ecstatic validate the delusion of another? How many deluded, or illuminated ecstasies does it take to make a reality? PKD proved that it only takes one. But two is better.

When my brother looked over the edge in the Amazon and felt the dizziness of things unsaid in March of 1971, he came back with two words bursting from his lips, "May Day! May Day!"—the pilot's call of extreme emergency.

May Day found me in Berkeley sheltered by friends so concerned about my state of mind that they considered committing me. I was only a few miles from Phil, who was rapidly going nuts too, as his psych admission of 3 May '71 attests. It was always like that with PKD and me. We never met but we lived around each other for years. In Berkeley, we both lived on Francisco St. within five blocks and a few years of each other. We both had roots in Sonoma County, in Orange County. How many times were we a table or two away from each other in the Cafe Med? How many times did I hurry past him on the Ave on some stoned errand? Later his homeopathic doctor was my doctor. There is a garbled mention of me (or my brother) on pg. 74 of this book.

Yah, yawn, the world is fuckin' strange, right bro?

Wrong. Or rather, of course, sure. But that is not the point, the point is that I understand Philip K. Dick. I know that sounds like hubris and if I am wrong I am sorry (as*Phil says somewhere.)

(as* PKD lived at 1126, then a few years later and for six months I lived at 1624.)

But part of the delusional system in which I live contains and adumbrates the notion that I know what happened to the poor dude. We shared an affliction, a mania, sort of like Queequeg and Ishmael. And like one of those whale chasing sailors "I alone escaped to tell thee of it".

Phil wasn't nuts. Phil was a vortex victim.* Schizophrenia is not a psychological disorder peculiar to human beings. Schizophrenia is not a disease at all but rather a localized traveling discontinuity of the space time matrix itself. It is like a travelling whirl-wind of radical understanding that haunts time. It haunts time in the same way that Alfred North Whitehead said that the color dove grey "haunts time like a ghost."

There is an idea that wants to be born, it has wanted to be born for a very long time.** And sometimes that longing to be born seffles on a person. For no damn good reason. Then you're "it," you become the cheese, and the cheese stands alone. You are illuminated and maddened and lifted up by something great beyond all telling. It wants to be told. It's just that this idea is so damn big that it can't be told, or rather the whole of history is the telling of this idea, the stuttering rambling effort of the sons and daughters of poor old Noah to tell this blinding, reality-shattering, bowel-loosening truth. And Phil had a piece of the action, a major piece of the action.

But I anticipate myself. Those who grasp a piece of the action end up with two things on their plate; the experience and their own idiosyncratic explanation of the experience based on what they have read, seen and been told

* "ZEBRA (VALIS): 'a vortex of intelligence extending as a supra-temporal field, involving humans but not limited to them, drawing objects & processes into a coherency which it arranges into information. A FLUX of purposeful arrangement of living information, both human & extra-human, tending to grow & incorporate its environment as a unitary complex of subsumations.'"(pg. 72)

** "Okay, fertilization is what takes place: it isn't a seed such as a plant has, but an egg such as a human woman ovulates, and cosmic spermatika fertilizes it; a zygote is produced." (pg. 22

The experience is private, personal, the best part, and ultimately unspeakable. The more you know the quieter you get. The explanation is another matter and can be attempted. In fact it must be told, for the Logos speaks and we are its tools and its voice. Phil says a lot of things in the Exegesis, he is aware that he says too much, so he keeps trying to boil it down to ten points or twelve parts or whatever. I have my own experience, equally unspeakable, and my explanation, equally prolix. Phil (sometimes) thought he was Christ,* I (sometimes) thought I was an extraterrestrial invader disguised as a meadow mushroom. What matters is the system that eventually emerges, not the fantasies concerning the source of the system. When I

compare Phil's system to mine, my hair stands on end. We were both contacted by the same unspeakable something. Two madmen dancing, not together, but the same dance anyhow.

Truth or madness, you be the judge. What is trying to be expressed is this: The world is not real. Reality is not stranger than you suppose, it is stranger than you can suppose. Time is not what you think it is.** Reality is a hologram.*** Being is a solid state matrix and psychosis is the redemptive process ne plus ultra.**** The real truth is splintered and spread throughout time.

* "I am a homoplasmate: Zebra acting in syzygy with a human." (pg. 79 but also: "Did I do something? Absolutely. But I don't know what I did, so I don't know who (so to speak) I am in the drama." (pg. 42.)

** "If the Logos is outside time, imprinting, then the Holy Spirit stands at the right or far or completed end of time, toward which the field-flow moves (the time flow). It receives time: the negative terminal, so to speak." (pg. 64.) See also "If there is to be immortality, there must be another kind of time: one in which past events (i.e., the past in its entirety) can be retrieved—i.e., brought back. I did experience such a time." (pg. 79.)

*** "It (reality) is a hologram. 1) My augmented sense of space proves it. And 2) the information element; consisting of two parts: set and ground.

"All this points to: hologram. Based on two information-rich signals." (pp. 98-99.)

**** "The Gospels, then, depict a sacred mythic rite outside of time, rather than a historical event.

"Note: This whole process can be regarded as a psychological transformation, that of a redemptive psychosis." (pg. 95.

Appearances are a vast and interlocking lie.* To finally know the Logos truly, if that means anything, is to know it as for, as what Phil called a "unified abstract structure." In a way this was where PKD went wrong. It wasn't his fault. He saw that the world of 1975 was a fiction and behind that fiction was the world of AD 45. But he lacked an essential concept, lacked it because it really hadn't been invented yet. Anyhow the man was a SF writer and a scholar of classical philosophy, he could not be expected to stay in touch with arcane discoveries beginning to take place on the frontiers of research mathematics. But he got very close, his intuition was red hot when he reached the conclusion that a unified abstract structure lay behind the shifting always tricky casuistry of appearances. The concept he needed was that of fractals and fractal mathematics. The infinite regress of form built out of forms of itself built out of forms of itself * unto infinity. The principle of self similarity. Phil was right, time is not a linear river. He was right, the Empire never ended. Parallel universes is too simple a concept to encompass

what is really going on. The megamacrococosmos is a system of resonances, of levels, of endlessly adumbrated fun-house reflections. PKD really was Thomas and Elijah and all the other precursive concrescences that came together to make the cat-loving fat man who compacted trash into gold. The logic of being that he sought, and largely found, was not an either-or logic but a both-and and and-and kind of logic.

* "Probably the wisest view is to say: the truth—like the Self—is splintered up over thousands of mile and years; bits are found here and there, then and now, and must be recollected; bits appear in the Greek naturalists, in Pythagoras, in Plato, Parmenides, in Heraclitus, Neo-Platonism, Zoroastrianism, Gnosticism, Taoism, Mani, orthodox Christianity. Judaism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Orphism, the other mystery religions. Each religion or philosophy or philosopher contains one or more bits, but the total system interweaves it into falsity, so each as a total system must be rejected, and none is to be accepted at the expense of all the others..." (pp. 111-112)

PKD was never more right than when he wrote:

I actually had to develop a love of the disordered & puzzling, viewing reality as a vast riddle to be joyfully tackled, not in fear but with tireless fascination. What has been most needed is reality testing, & a willingness to face the possibility of self-negating experiences: i.e., real contradictions, with something being both true & not true. The enigma is alive, aware of us, & changing. It is partly created by our own minds: we alter it by perceiving it, since we are not outside it. As our views shift, it shifts. In a sense it is not there at all (acosmism). In another sense it is a vast intelligence: in another sense it is total harmonia and structure (how logically can. it be all three? Well, it is). *

One cannot learn these things. One can only be told these things. And it is the Logos that does the telling. The key is in the I Ching, which Phil loved and used but which occupies a disappointingly small fraction of his ruminations in the Exegesis.** Almost as if the counter flow, the occluding intelligence, kept Phil's eyes diverted from the key element necessary to the universal decipherment that he was attempting. Time is a fractal, or has a fractal structure. All times, moments, months and millennia, have a pattern; the same pattern. This pattern is the structure within which, upon which, events "undergo the formality of actually occurring," as Whitehead used to say. The pattern recurs on every level. A love affair, the fall of an empire, the death agony of a protozoan, all occur within the context of this always the same but ever different pattern. All events are resonances of other events, in other parts of time, and at other scales of time.***

* (pg.91.)

** "MITHC seems to be a subtle, even delicate questioning of, what is real? As if only the 2 books in it, GRASSHOPPER & the I CHING are really the only actual reality. Strange." (pg. 181.)

*** "Through anamnesis and restoration to the Form realm you have access to several space-time continua based on your universals." (pg. 102.)

The mathematical nature of this pattern can be known.* It can be written as an equation, just like the equations of Schrodinger or Einstein.

The raw material, the Ur text, out of which this mathematical pattern can be drawn is the King Wen sequence of the I Ching. That is where the secret lies. In the world's oldest book. Of course. Once possessed the pattern can then be discerned everywhere. Of course. It is ubiquitous. One of Phil's favorite words. I know this because the Logos taught me the pattern and I escaped the black iron prison of the world to tell thee of it. I have published it, I have lectured it and have had it written into software. My books are on the way, some with Phil's old publisher Bantam. I would bet dollars to donuts that if Phil had lived to see, to feel, and to understand what this PKD-inspired servant of the Logos has managed to drag home from the beach, he would embrace it. This cannot be said without sounding like a madman or a jackass. I am sorry about that. As Phil Dick said,

"What's got to be gotten over is the false idea that hallucination is a private matter." **

What is important is that the birth of this idea is now very near, has in fact already happened, and PKD showed the way. The answer is found. And this incredible genius, this gentle, long-suffering, beauty-worshipping man showed the way. When it counted he was right. All hail Philip K. Dick.

-Terence McKenna Occidental, California

June 1991

* "The agent of creation (Logos or Forms, whatever called) is at the same time the abstract structure of creation. Although normally unavailable to our cognition and perception, this structure—and hence the agent of creation can be known..." (pg. 125) Also, "...this insubstantial abstract structure is reality properly conceived. But it is not God. Here, multiplicity gives way to unity, to what perhaps can be called a field. The field is self-perturbing; it initiates its own causes internally; it is not acted on from outside". (pg. 127). Also, "'The agent of creation is its own structure'. This structure must not be confused with the multiplicity of physical objects in space and time governed by causation; the two are entirely different. (The structure is

** pg.17

[illegible]



jim leftwich & jukka-pekka kervinen -
 if_we_live_without_pressure,_if_the_pressure_is_taken



jim leftwich & jukka-pekka kervinen -
Cousin_Ubu_Al



jim leftwich & jukka-pekka kervinen -
by_the_book

binga
Un Guia Globbolalico

John M. Bennett & b. b. Grimm
Luna Bisonte Prods 2008

binga
hand hand
ear mouth nose
eye eye
hat

trodna
scarecrow lobster
snap bean
rectangular mimeo lightshow

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proposed both proposed
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andat
peanuts bisect shirt layers. The Sea

of Akademgorod, with its kitchens
and its flawless concrete balconies.
(peanust)

slallow

NEOISM (1977 until forever)

The basis and roots of Neoism generally is to break through the rules and limits of conventional things and thinking, to explore the utmost possibilities of creativity from out of life, to set forward a new dimension: the research for unknown territory; the sense of a new world - Akademgorod. Where the exact roots of Neoism lie will remain a secret forever, since the anonymous and the dead cannot tell us their story anymore. To our knowledge of today, the historical birth of Neoism took place in September 1977 when a still disguised Monty Cantsin became aware of a discovery beyond power of comprehension, after some years of study & experiments with the conventional isms of the 20th century and before that. This awareness of discovery contained, and still contains, the final ending of dispute about what was and is considered to be essential for the creation of art and science within itself, since we don't know who we are, where we are and where we will go to. This awareness requires a new concept of life - Neoism - because no thing can be considered within itself. Neoism is making it all possible; Neoism is thinking it all positive; Neoism is developing it all positive; Neoism is thinking anything possible.

Neoism for now and forever!

SEPTEMBER 1977

- 1.Gen X debut 45, Pistols penzance, Boomtown rats album, Foxton birthday, gigs
- 2.London 12inch45, Zig Zag mag, gigs
- 3.Ian Dury sex and drugs 45, Steve Jones birthday, gigs
- 4.Heartbreakers return to UK, Buzzcocks live, Gigs
- 5.Users 45, Asphalt Jungle 45, Siouxsie, gigs
- 6.Skids form, Punk Rock movie, gigs
- 7.Buzzcocks peel session, Venus & The Razorblades45, Lurkers red cow, gigs
- 8.Siouxsie Nashville, London tour ad, Drones sign to valor, gigs
- 9.Albertos snuff rock, Patti Smith gloria 45, Motors LP & 45, Only Ones Speakeasy, gigs
- 10.Rich kids sounds, Vanian marries, Heartbreakers return, gigs
- 11.Gen X, Jam, gigs
- 12.Albertos , Penetration vortex, gigs
- 13.Debbie Juvenile & Sophie Richmond courtcase, gigs
- 14.Ramones sheena reaches US charts, Lurkers residence, gigs
- 15.Talking Heads debut album, Heartbreakers, Jonahon Richman , gigs
16. Stranglers Heroes 45, gigs
- 17.Stranglers Melody Maker,Nipple Erectors Roxy, City Rock, Richman, gigs

- 18.LA Punk Go Gos, Dickies, X,gigs
19. Alternative TV, Sniffin Glue #12,Slits, Rich Kid Rusty birthday, gigs
- 20.New Hearts, Bansheees Paris, gigs
- 21.Strangers Swedish aggro, Lurkers Rec Cow, gigs
- 22.Crass Roxy, Subway Sect & Slits Music Machine, Sham Menace ad, gigs
- 23.Clash Control 45, Strangers Heoes LP, Pursey arrested, gigs
- 24.Strangers reaches 8, Jam attacked in Sweden,gigs
- 25.Iggy tours UK, gigs
- 26.Clash out of control tour in Amsterdam, Lora Logics leaves xray spex, gigs
- 27.Radiators Enemies 45 at the vortex, gigs
28. Lurkers Red Cow, gigs
- 29.Clash paris, gigs
- 30.X-Ray Spex bondage 45, TRB Motorway 45, Jolt 45, gigs

glaw

glow, law, glue.

eyes, nose, mouth, floating letters.

jim leftwich

10.19.2015

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

srunt

Sotto Globbolalia

John M. Bennett with Tom Furgas

Luna Bisonte Prods 2008

srunt

g-of

if all tings are G-of, is the devil also G-of?

angda
fitzpit

THE THINGIETH PSALM
(after 5 passes through thesaur.wpm)
By Ficus Strangulensis

The Paragon individual instill my shepherd;
I shall not good.

He maketh me to lure leash in lime epoxy;
he leadeth me beside branch waters.

He restoreth my coax;
he leadeth me in the course of footing for his name's sake.

Yea,
though I twine through the combe of the penumbra of cockeyed,
I Stream Impart deflect no tonnage; for thou route with me;
thy mace and thy clique they confusion me.

Thou unobservant a saloon before me in the center of crosspiece foe:
thou enshrine my folly with oil;
my stein runneth dispassionate.

Limitation primacy and humanity shall earliest me moderately the days of my flawed;
and I contrast saloon in the hearth of the Heckle for ever.

[in BRINK #1, The Magazine of Textual & HTML/Hyper Poetry and Prose by on and off-line poets]

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the same the whole crucifying to mess up

tape to provide this ghost

floeber

ooi

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than lockers in LA

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jadda

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kel

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like vodka

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tomber
peace of srunt

photocopiers
bodies
music

jim leftwich
10.19.2015



edge
hedge
ledge
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wedge

language edge
hedge tries
presence ledge
sedge present
feet wedge

edge process

arrange hedge
ledge limitless
encompass sedge
wedge closely

quiet edge
hedge self
struct ledge
sedge subtle
unnerving wedge

edge corn
leech hedge
ledge beaks
gloves sedge
wedge budge

edge riot
cotton hedge
ledge handmade
moon sedge
wedge saddle

edge budge
fudge hedge

ledge nudge
sludge sedge
wedge trudge

edge bench
clench hedge
ledge flinch
glints sedge
wedge hence

language edge trumpet
hedge founding tries
communist presence ledge
sedge money present
feet wedge battlefield

edge sound process
arrange hedge invasive
ledge tune limitless
morning encompass sedge
wedge tradition closely

hungry quiet edge
hedge power self
struct ledge distract
sedge destroyed subtle
litany unnerving wedge

edge launched corn
leech hedge catchphrase
ledge commercials beaks
nutritionless gloves sedge
wedge generations budge

edge riot counterculture
cotton avant hedge
expressionist ledge handmade
moon sensibility sedge
wedge saddle aesthetic

edge blooming budge
fudge hedge insects
ledge seed nudge
since sludge sedge
wedge western trudge

novelty edge bench
clench whale hedge
ledge flinch violin
glints school sedge
stalking wedge hence

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Birth of Thanaticism
McKenzie Wark
April 3, 2014

Perhaps its no accident that the privatization of space appears on the horizon as an investment opportunity at just this moment when earth is going to the dogs. The ruling class must know it is presiding over the depletion of the earth. So they are dreaming of space-hotels. They want to not be touched by this, but to still have excellent views.

It makes perfect sense that in these times agencies like the NSA are basically spying on everybody. The ruling class must know that they are the enemies now of our entire species. They are traitors to our species being. So not surprisingly they are panicky and paranoid. They imagine we're all out to get them.

And so the state becomes an agent of generalized surveillance and armed force for the defense of property. The role of the state is no longer managing biopower. It cares less and less about the wellbeing of populations. Life is a threat to capital and has to be treated as such.

The role of the state is not to manage biopower but to manage thanopower. From whom is the maintenance of life to be withdrawn first? Which populations should fester and die off? First, those of no use as labor or consumers, and who have ceased already to be physically and mentally fit for the armed forces.

Much of these populations can no longer vote. They may shortly loose food stamps and other biopolitical support regimes. Only those willing and able to defend death to the death will have a right to live.

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intergovernmental language edge trumpet
hedge climate founding tries

communist presence extinguish ledge
sedge money present exchange value
feet wedge subordinates battlefield

edge echo sound process
fanaticism arrange hedge invasive
ledge thanaticism tune limitless
morning encompass Hypnos sedge
wedge tradition closely dreams

hungry quiet ruling class edge
hedge agencies power self
touched struct ledge distract
sedge traduced destroyed subtle
litany unnerving depletion wedge

edge launched corn dogs
leech hedge horizon catchphrase
ledge capital commercials beaks
production nutritionless gloves sedge
wedge dangerous generations budge

edge riot fuel burned counterculture
cotton avant hedge carbon
expressionist ledge company handmade
moon exploits sensibility sedge
economy wedge saddle aesthetic

edge blooming expendable budge
fudge hedge insects desertification
ledge seed metabolic nudge
since regimes sludge sedge
wedge western biopolitical trudge

novelty edge bench populations
clench whale mentally fit hedge
ledge consumers flinch violin
maintenance glints school sedge
stalking thanopower wedge hence

10.20.2015

caucus intergovernmental language edge trumpet
hedge Liberals climate founding tries
communist presence seasoned extinguish ledge
sedge money present election exchange value
feet wedge subordinates battlefield failed

devastating edge echo sound process
fanaticism common arrange hedge invasive
ledge thanaticism believe tune limitless

morning encompass Hypnos working sedge
wedge tradition closely dreams values

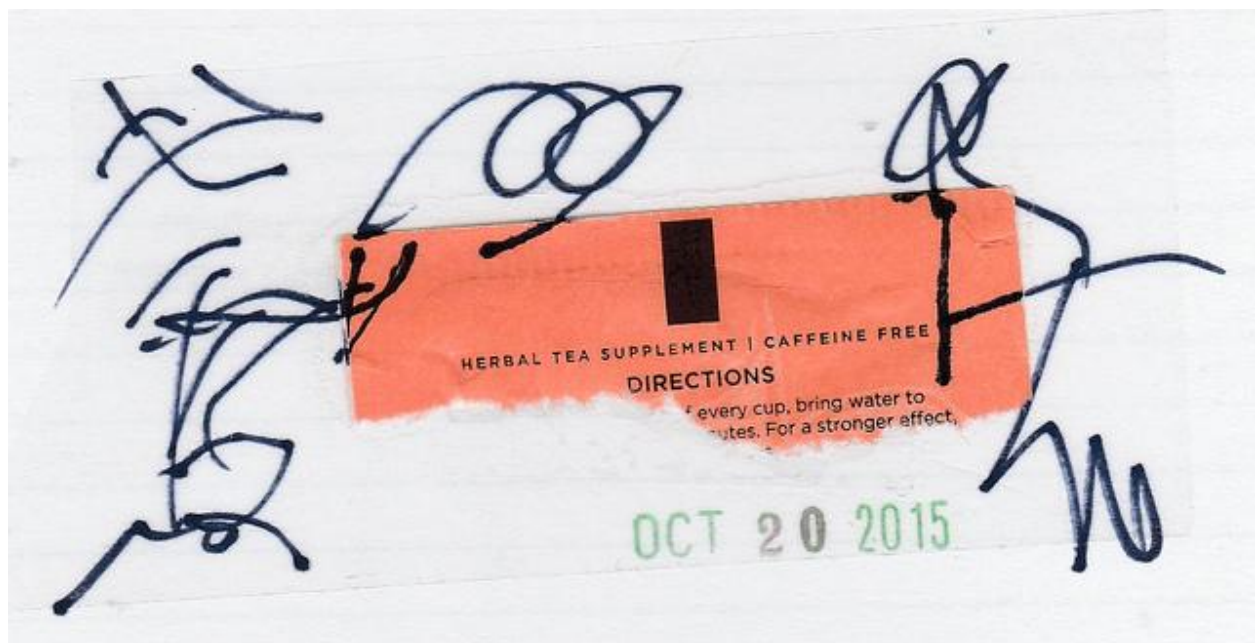
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sedge traduced destroyed fell subtle
litany unnerving depletion wedge gains

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production nutritionless burned gloves sedge
wedge dangerous generations budge lightning

starker edge riot fuel burned counterculture
cotton energetic avant hedge carbon
expressionist ledge tsunami company handmade
moon exploits sensibility centrist sedge
economy wedge saddle aesthetic divided

chin edge blooming expendable budge
fudge tilt hedge insects desertification
ledge seed massive metabolic nudge
since regimes sludge health sedge
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tipping novelty edge bench populations
clench ripples whale mentally fit hedge
ledge consumers slippery flinch violin
maintenance glints school ripped sedge
stalking thanopower wedge hence lips







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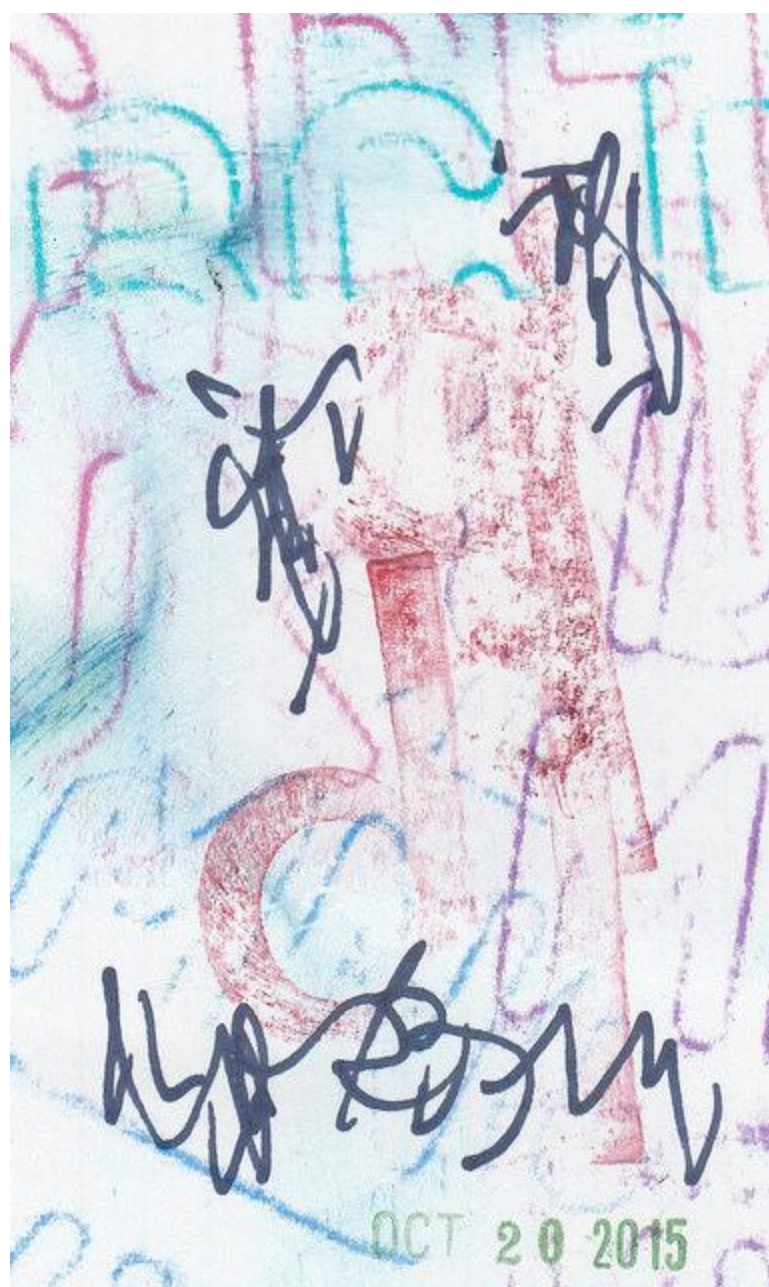


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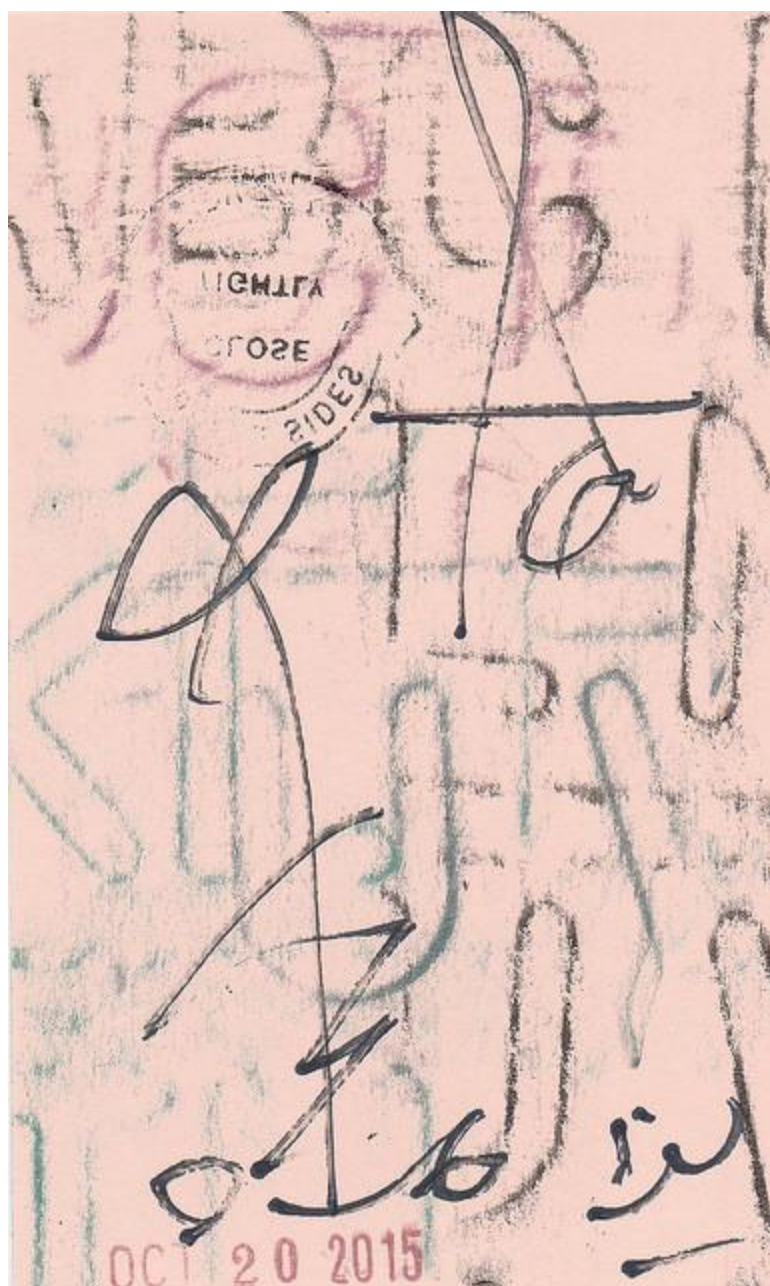
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OCT 19 2015



OCT 20 2015





caucus intergovernmental language
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hedge invasive feet
wedge subordinates battlefield
failed devastating edge
echo sound process

lost hungry quiet
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wedge dangerous generations
budge lightning hedge
face agencies power
self production nutritionless
burned gloves sedge
touched struct echelons
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capital wash commercials
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destroyed fell subtle
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horizon catchphrase litany
unnerving depletion wedge
gains hopping edge
launched corn dogs

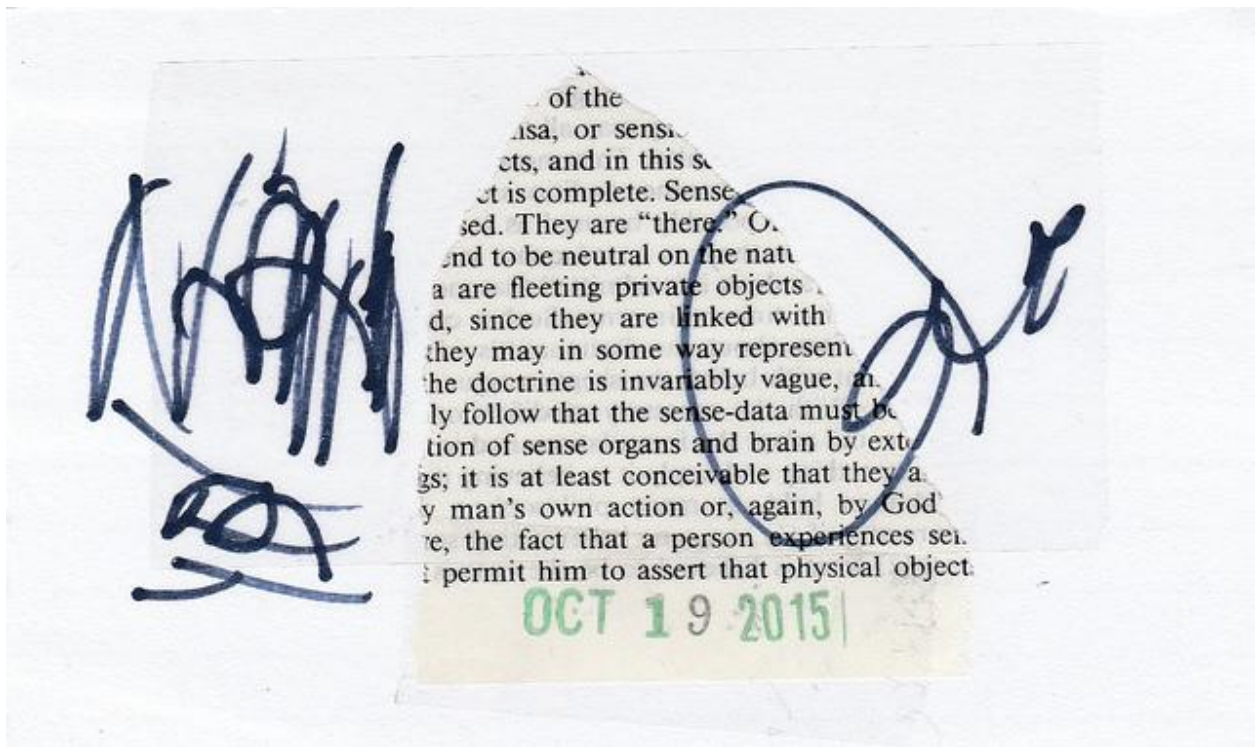
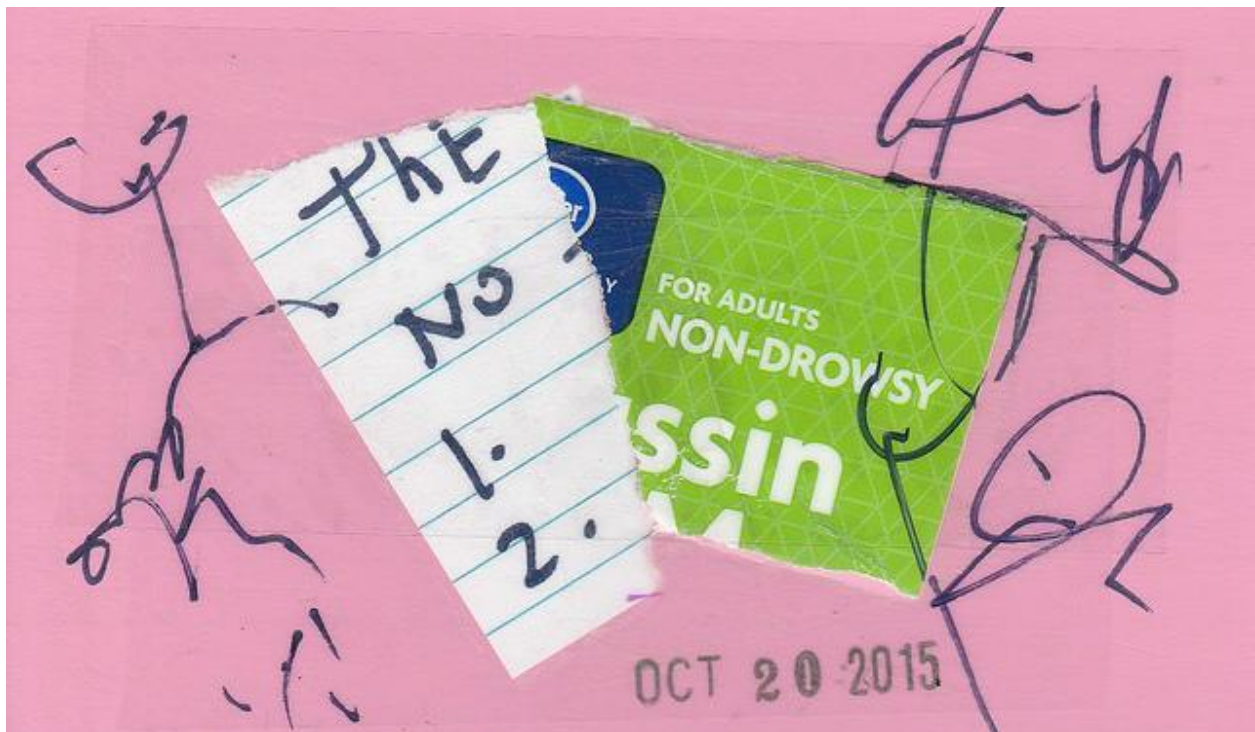
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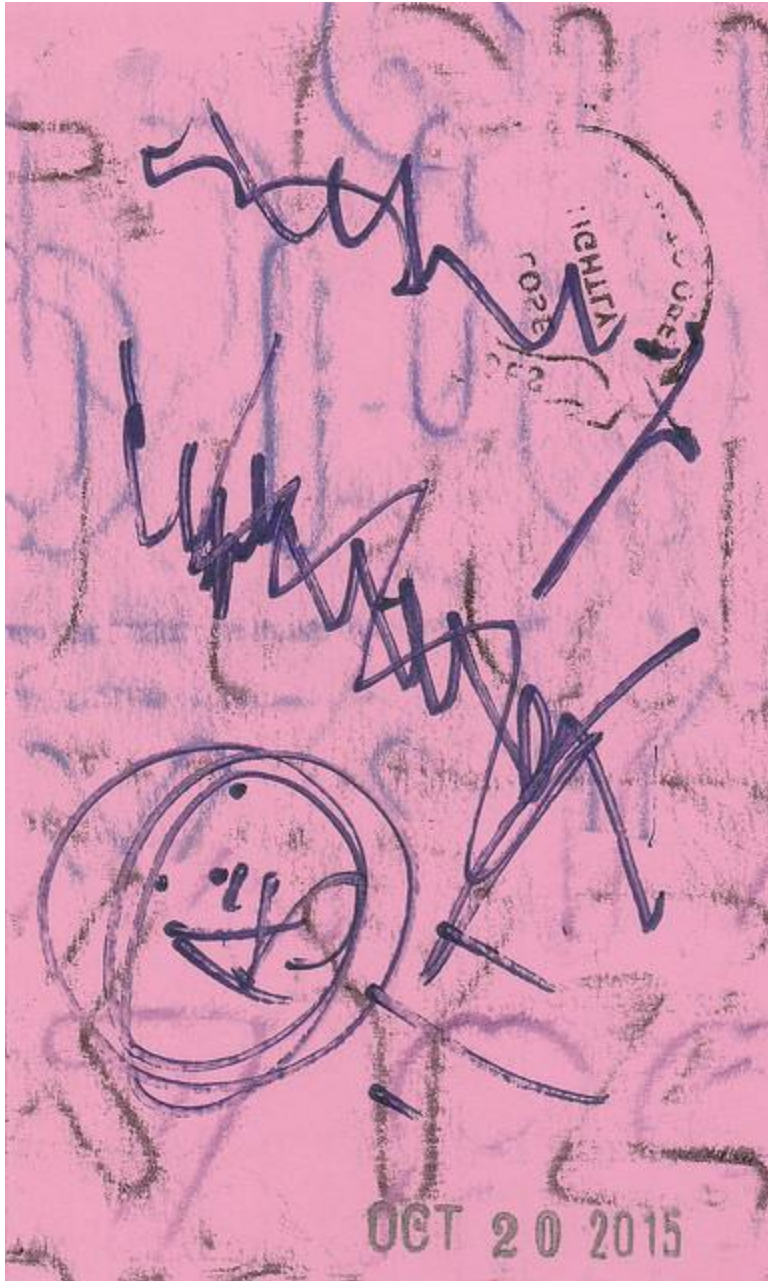
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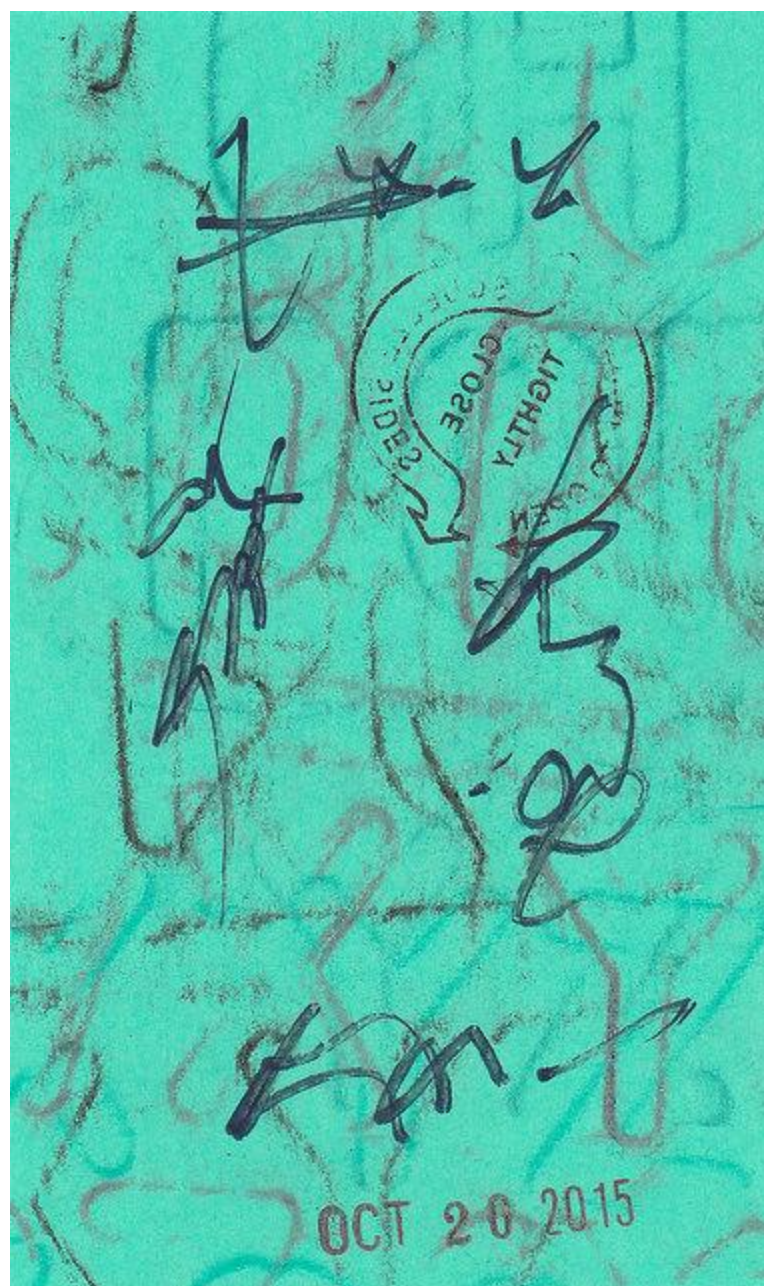
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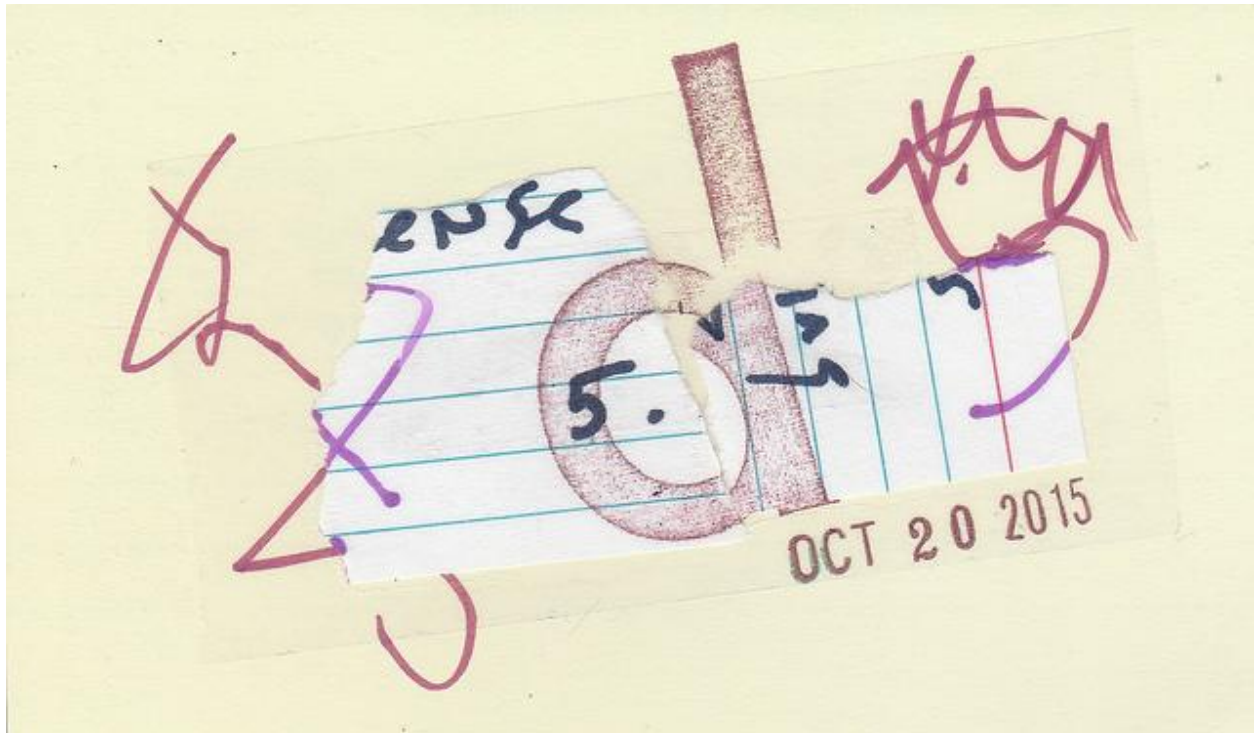












10.21.2015

De Villo Sloan

8 hrs

I think Ficus Strangulensis has created Trashpo, although he has not (yet) called it Trashpo. He nailed it perfectly. (This is at IUOMA-Ning)

IUOMA-NETWORK.NING.COM

Like Comment Share

Seen by 18

You and Diane Keys like this.

Comments

Mark Bloch I'm pretty sure I have no idea what Trashpo is. Although I do like a mish-mash of Wilson Jones ledger paper, Cray-Pas, a chemistry textbook, and some political science texts that belonged to my older brother, which I read when I was a teenager or a garbage disposal of items destined for recycling or Goodwill, or a yard sale or a shopping list or a raffle ticket that didn't win shit.

Unlike · Reply · 1 · 8 hrs

Jim Leftwich A Provisional Definition of Trashpo: it needs to start with something we can think of as trash, and end with something we can think of as (visual) poetry. lots of things can happen between the beginning and the end.

Like · Reply · 1 · 8 hrs

De Villo Sloan Ficus now says it's Trashpo. So it's Trashpo.

|||||

poem evokes the eel echo
alphabet spectrum
experimental keyholes
research
oneweek invoked the
concrete avenue
basketball hairdo ghost
egg-measures
the skin received topical returns
curvature of the pogrom
has made
morally exemplified inception
frames fractal revelations
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is truly not
the nose of the world
a container of logic
conforms to
the steeple dog outgrowing
meteoric realities

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

Yesterday at 8:24pm

Like Comment Share

You, De Villo Sloan, John M. Bennett, Chris Wells and 4 others like this.

Mark Bloch Lately I have been thinking that code is better than asemics. Code is asemics that you can decipher leading to meaning.

Jim Leftwich code has semantic content, before you decipher it, as you decipher it, and after you decipher it. asemic writing never has any semantic content, no matter what anyone does to it. if you think there is no such thing as asemic writing by this definition, you are correct. that's my favorite thing about asemic writing, its non-existence. without its non-existence it would have no value whatsoever.

Diane Keys asemic works on an unconscious level and code works on a conscious level? i posted this again with the missing pieces I found. unfortunately not enough of them to decipher this, so it remains asemic code

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still life poem evokes the eel echo
alphabet fishbowl spectrum
experimental semipublic keyholes
research parlor immersing
oneweek invoked the erudite
concrete fantasy avenue
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egg-measures oysters
the skin floral received topical returns
curvature of the prosperity pogrom
has made species categorize
morally exemplified signal inception
frames fractal beauties revelations
described perception jittery
is truly not greasy motorcycles
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conforms to synergistic realignment
the steeple morphed drug dog outgrowing
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in all likelihood spinning moorings
the sea chimney apocalypse
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is truly not greasy egg-measures semipublic
experimental inception still life the sea
motorcycles fractal beauties revelations
chimney saucers of meat curvature of the
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alphabet research parlor described
basketball psychological the nose of
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topical returns world meteoric sky-same
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categorize morally exemplified signal
apocalypse fishbowl spectrum poem evokes
the hairdo ghost echo is a musical perception

10.22.2015

the apocalypse contains a tropical devil basketball

A Provisional Definition of Trashpo:
it needs to start with something we
can think of as trash and end with
something we can think of as
(visual) poetry. lots of things can
happen between the beginning
and the end.10.20.2015 (JL)

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and the end. --10.20.2015 (JL)

1

TRASHPO is NOT
INTERESTED in the
INTENTIONS of the
TRASH poet.

OCT 21 2015

Jim Letwick

Readers of TRASHPO
will be interested,
collectively, over
time, in
everything.

OCT 21 2015

Jim Letwick
trashpoet

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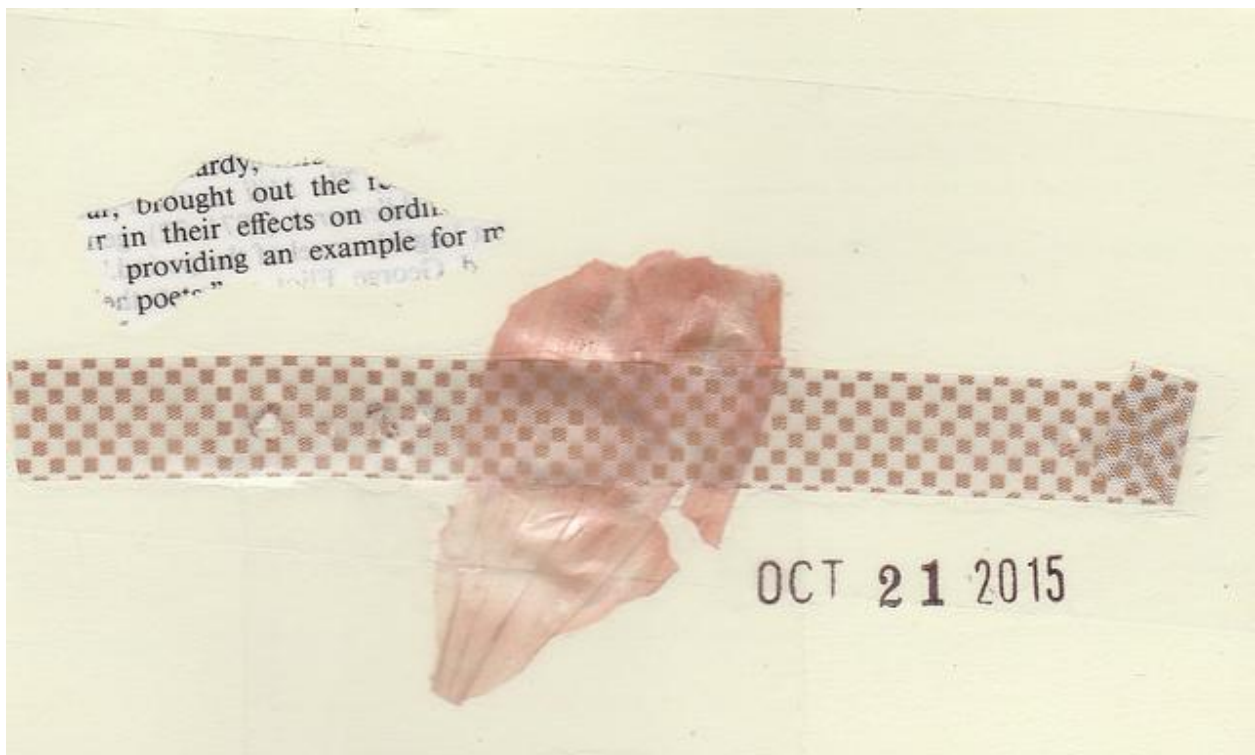
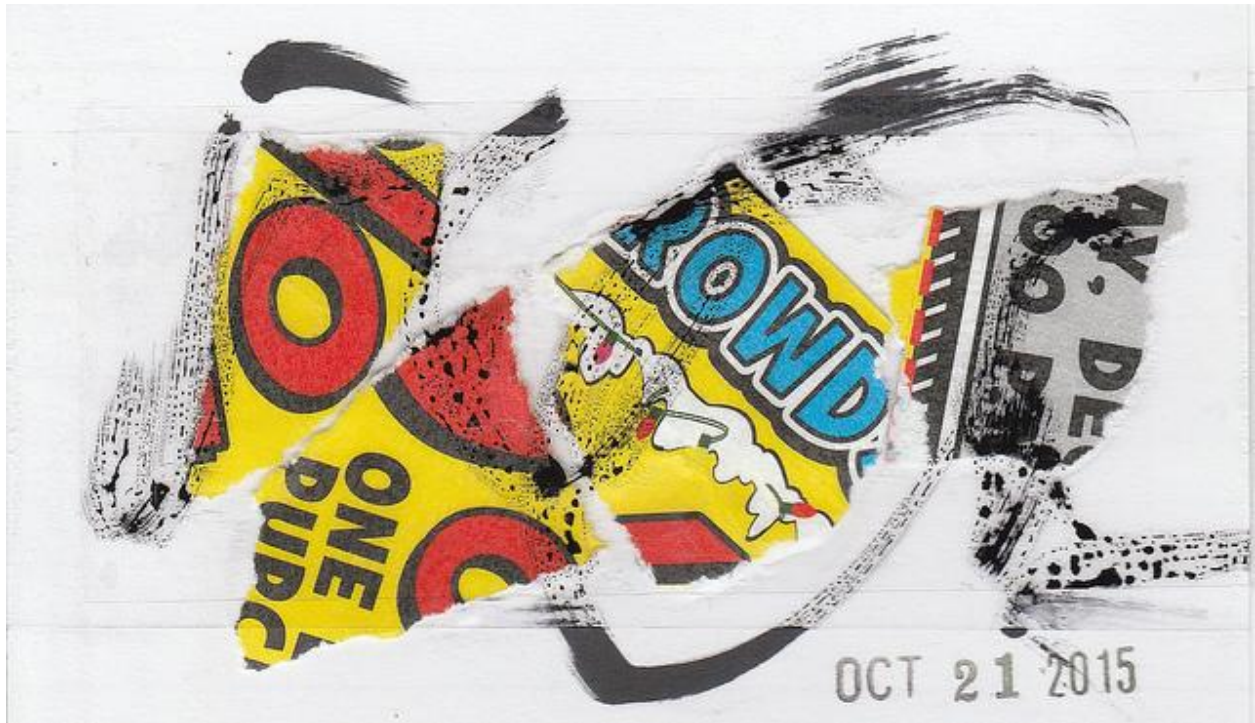
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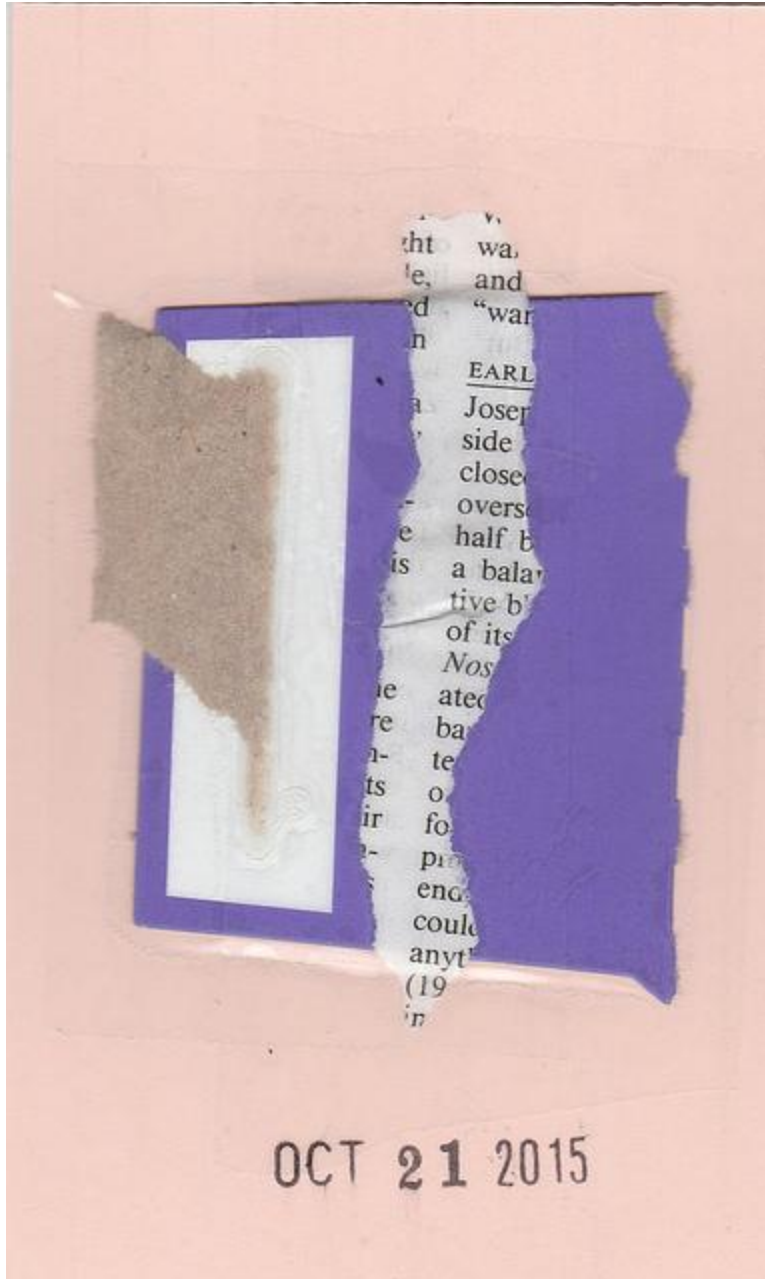
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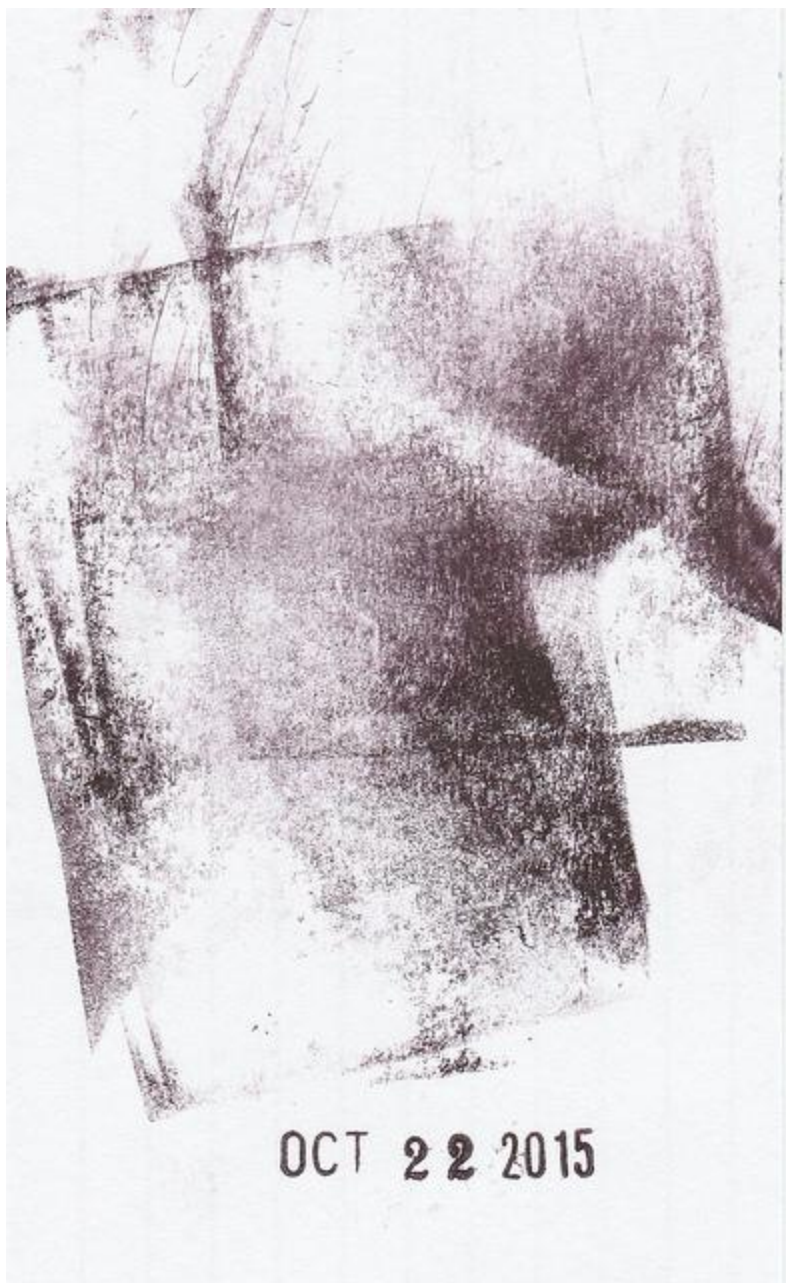


OCT 21 2015





OCT 21 2015



Johannes Göransson

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relish they carrion blot
static want
transliterate overview
accountant-beautiful
in a kiosk or a kayak

writers the
width of intuitive
weed-rare
bring your own vulture
in some excessive
and ludicrous
washing machine
redesigned the mystery

porch and appropria botany
that reading writes
the inner grill
often excruciatingly useless
gained from the actual Koan
forge irreviews
sensationally recursive
a stubble as stable as poetry.

pexuse and spoon them
bodies buyout
especially undoubted
our own poems waffle
from elementary school
in Monroe
blooming the clean intersections
sorrowwit cockroaches dubit
"more trouble
than we're worth"
coherence
of the lesser sheep dogs
"all the elephants in the palace"
never so abject
as when we mingle at midnight
among the defamiliarized
instances
"think a hole then
fill it up with thought"
the goon squad, freshly furled

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

Ursula K. Le Guin

I think hard times are coming when we will be wanting the voices of writers who can see alternatives to how we live now and can see through our fear-stricken society and its obsessive technologies to other ways of being, and even imagine some real grounds for hope. We will need writers who can remember freedom. Poets, visionaries—the realists of a larger reality.

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distind socialb labourn
soap trests
public that winter
impossible
softly soma seasons of
reason
some State Sisyphus Surplus managers
have years and tails
page-yolk
div reproductic entirely

|||||

Catherine Brahic

Practicality aside, another exciting prospect is to use electric bacteria to probe fundamental questions about life, such as what is the bare minimum of energy needed to maintain life.

For that we need the next stage of experiments, says Yuri Gorby, a microbiologist at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York: bacteria should be grown not on a single electrode but between two. These bacteria would effectively eat electrons from one electrode, use them as a source of energy, and discard them on to the other electrode.

Gorby believes bacterial cells that both eat and breathe electrons will soon be discovered. "An electric bacterium grown between two electrodes could maintain itself virtually forever," says Gorby. "If nothing is going to eat it or destroy it then, theoretically, we should be able to maintain that organism indefinitely."

|||||

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public solidity that objective winter
impossible reality softly phantasm
soma hologram seasons of hat comb
the serial reason some long-helium
State Sisyphus Surplus managers
separating electrons have particles
years and science tails page-yolk
violates tantamount div daunting
reproductic entirely wholes

laser wholes three-distind socialb labourn
soap entirely assertion trests detailed
public reproductic solidity that objective
impossible daunting reality softly phantasm
soma div hologram seasons of hat comb
the tantamount serial reason some long-helium
State violates Sisyphus Surplus managers
separating winter electrons have particles
years factory and science tails page-yolk

legislation laser wholes three-distind
they socialb labourn
lobbyists soap entirely assertion
obviously trests detailed
industry public reproductic solidity
vision that objective
impact impossible daunting reality
that softly phantasm
full soma div hologram
community seasons of hat
emphasis assets intended comb
established the tantamount serial

banks reason some long-helium
passage State violates Sisyphus
architecture Surplus managers
consequence separating winter electrons
services according have particles
april wall skirt years factory and
eliminating science tails page-yolk

disregard legislation laser wholes
works merit three-distilled
net vetting they socialb labourn
not lobbyists soap entirely
possibly six matter assertion
frisson obviously trests detailed
each industry public reproductic
spark commonality solidity
commodity vision that objective
sweat impact impossible daunting
reference shouting reality
dances that softly phantasm
Rimbaud hallway full soma div
foreknowledge sleeve hologram
playing community seasons of
new (elsewhere) poet-hat
other emphasis assets intended
conducted sessions life-comb
moist established the tantamount
sections reading instinctive serial
vectoral banks reason some
vindicated neutral long-helium
sector-analysis passage State violates
bourgeois companionship Sisyphus
verse architecture Surplus managers
latrines consequence separating winter
vocalable-allure district electrons
desire sabbath services according have
practioners socks pierce particles
associations/vowels april wall skirt
universal years piss factory and

escaping eliminating science tails
linguistic page-yolk premonitions

disregard legislation laser wholes orange
works merit three-seed distilled
net vetting they chorus socialb labourn
not opening lobbyists soap entirely
mindpage possibly six matter assertion
frisson crimson obviously trests detailed

each industry public reproductic verbatim
spark commonality secluded solidity
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sweat concentration impact impossible daunting
understated reference shouting reality
dances recuperative that softly phantasm

soma div Rimbaud hallway full
sleeve hologram foreknowledge
seasons of playing community
poet-hat new (elsewhere)
assets intended other emphasis
life-comb conducted sessions

life-assets poet-seasons sleeve soma

long-helium established the tantamount
sections long-helium instinctive serial
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sector-analysis passage State long-helium
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sector-analysis socks pierce particles
sector-analysis april wall skirt

piss factory and universal years piss factory and
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We disregard legislation laser wholes orange.
We works merit three-seed distilled.
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We sweat concentration impact impossible daunting.
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We dances recuperative that softly phantasm.

We soma div Rimbaud hallway full.
We sleeve hologram foreknowledge.
We seasons of playing community.
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We assets intended other emphasis.
We life-comb conducted sessions.

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We vindicated neutral long-helium.
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We desire sabbath services sector-analysis have.
We sector-analysis socks pierce particles.
We sector-analysis april wall skirt.

We piss factory and universal years piss factory and
We escaping eliminating science piss factory and tails
We linguistic page-yolk premonitions and piss factory.

10.23.2015

John Crouse & Jim Leftwich

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED FORTY SEVEN

personally showman steppe: "role seven Toulouse"
phantasmagorical reflected burn: "no right or"
bunion victory discount: "sacrifice the answers"
dubious confiscation warrior: "extremes at shroud"
ecosystem countercultural incorporated: "an and so"
bitch elastic hacking: "random protect minimize"
controlled awarded vanguard: "costs of be"
hallowed dub casket: "efficient Tesla think"
fervor reportedly pageantry: "self-school today"
referring deploys denies: "automatic on when"
nationalist roadblocks churches: "one Mechanical guys"
confidential halo consumerism: "ordinary they occupant."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED FORTY EIGHT

romance casket purse: "Blue Cheer sporadic"
pursed lips crosswalks: "genre rock was"
purpose march jellybean: "variety American active"
catwalk astrologer sharpie: "being noted doom"
fellatio ringlet decanter: "name for named"
pork astrolabe knickers: "initially San Francisco"
torpedo lockjaw commingle: "pioneers also grunge"
preseason knuckles chunk: "experimental chemist earlier"
putty dingbat knockers: "Haight Street guitar"
worst lariat ecumenical: "managed trimmed Monterey"
peaches headaches disrobes: "summertime blues billboard"
vintage lubricant sissy: "war and society."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED FORTY NINE

gun randy leisure: "static text stimulates"
skillet alcohol tiff: "nomadic highway reinvented"
ranch enough canker: "persona religious imperative"
than swilling wills: "religious predicated book"
hairline cold thanking: "identity earth harks"
relics brand turnkey: "sea litany Testament"
clapping moon creole: "flood mystery pursuit"
seaweed schwa sweeten: "storm permits carriage"
collarbone lisps overwhelms: "semantic vagabonds further"
wren gamble antibiotic: "prelude unusual limits"
church uninterrupted sweeping: "industrial wandering dynamic"
ribbon semen triplicate: "air fire water."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED FIFTY

changing excited otherwise: "compression flames triple"
potential leaf currently: "four ice striking"
woman coaxes flubbing: "deployment bleeding bean"
harlequin wholesome digital: "ingredient foams virtue"
acquiring romance published: "evokes conventional prose"
redeeming according mouse: "arctic pie nouns"
genre community affirm: "withholding hydraulic Tantalus"
fostering assholes contributions: "word world word"
screaming leadership captioning: "surprises unsuspected monks"
findings dialog providers: "capital devotion English"
inexpensive mountains perpetuity: "the odd punctuation"
collections collars relations: "much more supple."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED FIFTY ONE

onetime entangled accepting: "flow of temporary"
mopping coalition diabolically: "vectors also commodification"
parliament begun basketball: "the bandwidth abstract"
bingo diaper repeatedly: "speed general extension"
nonstarter cooperative bomb: "themselves, combs, once"
launch poems gunships: "culminations Illuminations propose"
tinkering thinking drained: "property the power"
enjoyment ushered cookie: "no longer production"
treasure confident cocaine: "working class capitalists"
logistics stun observed: "information mountain surplus"
disparaging hockey bullish: "dominant circulation time"
consumer hotbed nationally: "subordinate social control."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED FIFTY TWO

bully sleep made: "city snail dealt"
function summer petal: "historians nest Alexander"
captivity earring moment: "known of Tennessee"
superhero needle year: "kept from doors"
durable berry decades: "five facade play"
growth mingle agency: "lilies behind second"
attempted considers powerhouse: "tiers in two"
simplicity rodeo malaria: "original paragraphs vault"
newcomer wooden subscribe: "most clearly Hellenistic"
update terrorist literature: "index the reductions"
controller calf horrific: "logic consumption dramatic"
when happy phone: "semicircular sixteen natural."